

The contention of the two famous Houses,

With downe right payment lent vnto my father,
Now *Phaeton* hath tumbled from his carre,
And made an euening at the noone tide pricke.

Torke. My ashes like the *Phœnix* may bring forth
A bird that will reuenge it on you all,
And in that hope I cast mine eyes to heauen,
Scorning what ere you can afflict me with.
Why stay you Lords? what, multitudes and feare?

Clif. So cowards fight when they can flie no longer,
So Doves do pecke the Rauens piercing tallents,
So desperate theeues, all hopelesse of their liues,
Breathe out inuestiues 'gainst the Officers.

Torke. Oh Clifford, yet bethinke thee once againe,
And in thy minde ore-runne my former time,
And byte thy tongue that slanderst him with cowardise,
Whose very looke hath made thee quake ere this.

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blowes twice two for one.

Queene. Hold valiant Clifford, for a thousand causes
I would prolong the traitors life a while.

Wrath makes him deafe, speake thou *Northumberland*.

Nor. Hold Clifford, do not honour him so much,
To pricke thy finger, though to wound his heart,
What valour where it when a curre doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand betweene his teeth,
When he might spurne him with his foote away?
Tis warres prize to take all aduantages,
And ten to one, is no impeach in warres.

Fight and take him.

Clif. I, I, so striues the Woodcok with the gin.

North. So doth the Cunny struggle with the net.

Torke. So triumphs theeues vpon their conquer'd booty,
So true men yeeld, by robbers ouer-matcht.

North. What will your grace haue done with him?

Queene. Braue warriours, Clifford and *Northumberland*,
Come make him stand vpon this mole-hill heere,
That aimde at Mountaines with out-stretched arme,

Torke and Lancaster.

And parted but the shadow with his hand
Was it you that reueld in our Parliament,
And made a prechment of your high defence
Where are your messe of sonnes to backe
The wanton *Edward*, and the lusty *George*?
Or wher's that valiant crookt-backt prod
Dicke your boy, that with his grumbling
Was wont to cheare his Dad in mutinies
Or mongst the rest, where is your darling
Looke *Torke*, I dipt this napkin in the blood
That valiant Clifford with his rapiers poi
Made issue from the bosome of thy boy.
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I giue thee this to dry thy cheekes withal
Alas poore *Torke*: but that I hate thee mu
I should lament thy miserable state.

I prethee grieue to make me merry, *York*
Stampe, raue and fret, that I may sing and
VWhat, hath thy fiery heart so parch thine
That not a teare can fall for *Rutlands* deat
Thou wouldst be feede I see, to make me
Torke cannot speake, vnlesse he weare a c
A crowne for *York*; and Lords bow low
So, hold you his hands, whilst I do set it c
I, now lookes he like a King.

This is he that tooke King *Henries* chair
And this is he was his adopted heyre.
But how is it that great Plantagenet,
Is crownd so soone, and broke his holy o
As I bethinke me, you should not be Kin
Till our Henry had shooke hands with d
and will you impale your head with *Hen*
and rob his temples of the Diadem
Now in his life, against your holy oath?
Oh, tis a fault too too vnardonable.
Off with the crowne, and with the crow
and whilst we breathe, take time to do h

And

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